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MALINGERING*—NOT MILITARY.

"And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective comes by cause."
Hamlet.

THAT old fox upon two legs, Charles Maurice Talleyrand Prince de Benevento, was one day told that an experienced French courtier and statesman of his own stamp had been seized with a fit of the gout. Immediately on receiving this piece of intelligence, Talleyrand fell into a fit of musing, or seemed to do so. He was asked what was the tenor of his thoughts. "I am just reflecting what peculiar interest old — (naming the courtier in question) can have in being gouty at present."

This anecdote shows in a remarkable manner the difference between ordinary men's ideas and those of great conductors of affairs. The common mind would have seen nothing in the illness but something to be lamented for the sake of the man afflicted; but the politician knew that his friend had a reason for every thing, not even excepting his gout, and he accordingly thought of nothing but to divine what object the old gentleman had in view on the present occasion. Talleyrand's acuteness brings us in mind of a circumstance in the life of Pope Sextus V., a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth. While a simple cardinal, he was a man comparatively without influence, and had, to appearance, very little chance of attaining to be head of the church. But he surmounted all obstacles. His predecessor, a very old man, grew ill, and evidently was not long for this world. A mighty contention arose between the two parties who entertained the strongest hopes of filling the chair of St Peter. The college of cardinals was divided into two factions, so nicely balanced in strength that neither side could be confident about the issue. Meanwhile, the hero of our anecdote took no part with any of the candidates. "For his part, he was an infirm man; all the ailments that flesh is heir to had settled in his poor frame; he wished all parties well, but with the toils and struggles of the busy world he had no longer any concern." The candidates for the popedom beheld and pitied their poor colleague, and each of them being afraid at that particular moment of the issue of a contest, they adopted the idea, probably upon a hint given, that it would be the safest plan for both to push the infirm cardinal for the time into the chair. He was, they thought, too much debilitated to perform its duties without aid; they would govern for him, and he would not be long in their way. Accordingly, when the popedom became vacant, the cardinal was made Sextus V. But what was the surprise and dismay of the two candidates, when they beheld the new pope arise from his couch, cast away all signs of debility, and stride to his coronation with a vigorous and stately step, that spoke of years to come of health and strength! They had been outwitted, and had nothing for it but to succumb to the sway which they had brought upon themselves, and which proved of the firmest order, and far more durable than they had been led to anticipate.†

The reader will now, we apprehend, be fully aware of the value and importance of a little timely infirmity. One can easily suppose that, if a minister were beginning to decline in the favour of his sovereign, a few days' confinement with some severe malady might give him such a claim upon the sympathy of his mas-

ter as would tend to stay his downward course. If he were accused of some great mal-administration, an illness, described in the bulletins as likely to prove fatal, might save him from an impeachment, for who could think of taking stern measures with a poor helpless old man already at the point of death? It would obviously be for the interest of such a man not to get well until the minds of his enemies and of the public had been in a great measure turned to some new subject of engrossing interest. Much may of course depend on the way in which a statesman manages his illnesses. It would never do if he were to turn too suddenly ill immediately after his falling into danger. He should foresee a coming storm, and take to his chamber in time. Perhaps it might even be advisable for a minister in critical times never to be too well, so that, let danger come ever so suddenly, he could clap on his nightcap in an instant, and appear quite as sick as there was any occasion for.

In the walks of ordinary life, a few well-managed appearances of infirmity prove, in their own limited way, of not less consequences. We would fain take a lenient view of the foibles of humanity, but believe it may be safely averred, that one-third of the young gentlemen, and (truth compels us to add) young ladies, who complain without ceasing of defective vision, and, on that plea, keep eye-glasses dangling over their necks, can see quite as far into a millstone as the most sharp-sighted of their neighbours. Perhaps a great part of the mystery lies in the fact that two eyes are common to all of mortal mould. They are vulgar things, which every plebeian can boast of possessing, and of possessing, for the most part, in a very acute and exerciseable state. There lies the rub. The eyes cannot be taken out, to distinguish the high-bred from the low-bred, but they may be deprived, at least in seeming, of that healthiness which characterises the vision of the vulgar. Hence, in most instances, the black ribbon and the pendent eye-glass of the young malingeringer of fashion. Cowper, indeed, suggests another reason, in the case of a senatorial candidate, whom he thus describes:—"He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wears suspended by a ribbon from his button-hole." But though this may be an explanation of the custom, as true as it is ingenious, in the case of senators, every eye-malingeringer is not an M.P., and our first solution of the matter, we imagine, is the more generally correct one. The depreciatory phrase "rude health"—as if in the extremest good health there could be any thing rude!—indicates the feeling which leads some people to despise the vulgar blessing of good eyes, and support the optician.

It is true that there are peculiar advantages in the plea of weak sight, and the use of eye-glasses. What a charming latitude young ladies and gentlemen, with eye-glasses and spectacles, allow themselves, as regards staring and the cutting of acquaintances, either out of doors or at assemblies and parties! If any individual, unspectacled or unglazed, were to fix his eye upon a fair neighbour, in the downright persevering way in which every young gentleman, provided with such appendages, thinks himself entitled to do in the boxes of the theatre, a challenge or a knock-down from the protector of the fair one stared at would be the certain consequence. But the all-excusing glasses protect the malingeringer from any such troublesome results. Then, again, look at that young lady with the eye-glass. How coolly she turns her eye upon an almost immediate neighbour of her own sex, and

seems as if she were about to send an account of her whole habiliments to the *Belle Assemblée*. Nay, with what superlative nonchalance she turns her glass upon the gentleman opposite, so distinguished by moustache and fur collar. If an unglazed lady were to attempt this latter feat, she would assuredly be set down as void of all delicacy—totally wanting in that modesty which is the best ornament of her sex.

The ears, not less than the eyes, may be the seat of a simulated infirmity, either through affectation, or for purposes useful to the simulator. Sir Mungo Malagrowth was a magnificent example of the comforts and advantages derivable from a convenient deafness. That renowned knight, it will be remembered, heard nothing but what it suited him to hear. A dun was a personage who might have roared into his ear for a month, and all in vain; while any word that related to the advantage of Sir Mungo, never fell in vain on Sir Mungo's organs, though whispered ever so lightly. There be Malagrowths yet stirring in the world. Some, too, are deaf because good ears are vulgar possessions, and because, as in the more familiar case of eye-malingering, it is deemed a base thing to participate even in the blessing of good hearing with the common mass of humanity.

Has it been generally noticed that medical men are a class who become amazingly soon old and infirm? A young man passes surgeon, or is capped physician, and settles down in some town to practise. He may retain his youthful aspect for a short time; but by and bye, particularly if he be a man of sense, he begins to present the appearance of incipient age. He walks with slow steps, and perhaps stoops a good deal. His eyes seem to fail him, for he assumes a pair of spectacles of a staid and venerable kind. His lately flowing locks appear to get rapidly thin, and he perhaps mounts a goodly middle-aged wig. His dress is in accordance with this change. White neckcloths, and a sombre, gravely-cut suit of black, take the place of the smart Belcher neckerchiefs and round green hunting-coats, in which he once used to shine; while a cane is ever in his hand, to support his steps from place to place. The alteration is great and surprising. You know him to be considerably under thirty, and you would declare his looks to be those of a man of five-and-forty. "Hard work," you may be disposed to say, "must that of a surgeon be." But you are on a wrong scent entirely. The young doctor is as vigorous as ever, and, if you saw him sit down to a book, after entering his own snug apartment, you would see him toss his venerable spectacles aside, being able to see a vast deal better without than with them. If you possessed his confidence, you would hear him laugh heartily as he detailed his various manoeuvres for simulating age and infirmities. The cause of all this is plain. Nobody, he found, would believe that so young-looking a man had acquired any medical knowledge, or would intrust the care of their bodies to him. The ladies, above all, he found difficult to satisfy on this point. Age, then, being the only qualification he wanted, he thought it a pity if so many others, acquired with vast labour and expense, should go for nothing, and resolved that, since they would have him old, why, he would just be old, to the best of his ability, accordingly.

No one who has had the pleasure of being unwell in early life—when mammas and aunts were incessantly haunting his bed-room with coddlements and delicacies of all kinds—can be at a loss to divine why people at a maturer period of life like so much to be a little indisposed, or even a little lame. We have known a young gentleman walk about with his arm in a sling for weeks after all the genuine consequences of his

* Malingering—a term applied to the simulation of diseases by soldiers, with a view to avoiding duty, or obtaining their discharge.—*Dictionary of Modern Terms.*

† Sextus V. reigned five years, namely from 1585 to 1590.

accident had vanished, and only part with the dear enigm of infirmity with the greatest reluctance. We have known young ladies "keep their sofas" for months, in a style of languor and paleness no doubt most effective upon their beaux, all through that severe cold which—lasted, in a genuine state, only about eight days. We reverence age; but yet it is to be feared that the pleasure of being attended to by grand-children, of having great chairs wheeled about for one, and footstools placed conveniently in front of said chairs, and neat spindle-shanked tables put down by their side for tea or book, beside the evening fire, is too tempting for elderly flesh and blood, and keeps many a worthy old gentleman far longer ill than he has any need to be.

Malingering, indeed, is obviously too ready a means of securing a dawdling sort of sympathy and attention, as well as of staving off the consequences of error, not to have been extensively made use of by mankind. The very child of three years, when conscious of having done something calling for reproof, will draw out, "Mamma, I'm not well—I've a sore stomach," calculating that mamma can never be so cruel as speak severely to a babe in his alleged circumstances. Just the other day, we observed in an American newspaper that the feelings of the people of Baltimore had recently been moved by seeing a mercer's shop suddenly closed, and a piece of crape kept for days upon the knob of the door. At length some who knew and had extended credit to the party, called at his residence, and found that he had gone no one knew whither. The door was then opened, and the shop found to have been stripped of every article of "dry goods" except that magical piece of crape, which had been sentinelled the door to such good purpose. Here was the same principle at work. Most creditors will acknowledge that they have found nothing so apt to baffle them in their endeavours to obtain payment of debt in difficult cases, as an appearance, real or pretended, of illness on the part of the debtor. The course of law is effectually obstructed by the course of medicine, and the justest claim is hushed to silence beside a sick-bed. Hence it is that in novels debtors are scarcely ever taken to jail except in the last stage of severe, though rarely well-defined illness, and striking tableaux are formed from the entering of the undertaker's men and the sheriff's officers at the same moment. In any kind of contested case between man and man, he is sure to have a great advantage over his opponent, who can contrive first to be seized with some alarming malady. It comes to nearly the same thing if he only have some dear member of his family in the alarming state, for that equally entitles him to sympathy, and will probably be not less fatal to his adversary. Even to be able to make it appear that one is much older than his opponent, may give one some advantage. "I am now an old man" somehow tells very affecting, however ridiculous the postulate which it prefaces, or bad the conduct which it is designed to excuse.

These speculations serve to illustrate a truth of some importance, namely, that there is much more benevolence in the world than there is conscientiousness. An appeal to the feelings of mankind tells in a moment; an appeal to their sense of justice comes poorly off in comparison. One may have reason and right both upon his side in the clearest manner, and yet, if the opposite party can only work a little on the public pity, his pleadings will be all in vain.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

SECTION OF GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOLOGY.

THE Geological Section, as formerly remarked, was attended on this occasion by almost all the first-rate men connected with the science—Buckland, Lyell, De la Beche, Agassiz, Murchison, Phillips, &c.—besides many of less elevated standing, but who have already proved themselves skilful investigators. It was the section which attracted uniformly the largest audience, and was attended, we were somewhat surprised to remark, by the largest proportion of ladies. Some papers of very great interest were read before the section; and to the best of these we now propose devoting some attention.

BACKWARD CASCADES OF THE RIVER ST JOHN.

Some remarkable features of the river St John in New Brunswick were explained by Dr James Robb.* The St John is of the size of the first-class European rivers. Draining a large region, it discharges a prodigious quantity of water into the Bay of Fundy, especially during the spring floods, when the tides rise to the height of 35, 50, and even sometimes 60 feet above the ordinary level. The river being ten miles in breadth, but in several places contracted into narrow channels, at one place into a strait of 300 feet, a strange phenomenon arises, namely, that on the coming back of the tide, it pours through these channels into the wide spaces beyond, in the form of magnificent cascades. Thus, the St John may be said to have waterfalls going backwards, or against the direction of the river.

IDENTITY OF THE COMPOSITION OF COAL WITH THAT OF VEGETABLE MATTER.

The Association had committed to Mr Johnston, the clever young professor of chemistry in the Durham University, the duty of drawing up a report on the application of that science to geology. Mr Johnston now brought forward the result of his investigations respecting coal. He finds that all kinds of coal are composed of precisely the same elementary substances as wood, only combined in different proportions. These elements are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. In lignite, the nearest approach to the original wood, to 160 parts carbon, there are 78 hydrogen and 48 oxygen. In the Newcastle caking coal, there are, to 160 parts carbon, 56 hydrogen and 8 oxygen. In the Welsh anthracite, again, in which all external appearances of the vegetable origin are lost, and which is only a dry hard black mass, to 160 parts carbon, there are 33 hydrogen and 3 oxygen. The kinds of coal in which there are greatest proportions of hydrogen, the element which gives flame—as, for instance, the cannel coal—are always found uppermost, the longer chemical action and pressure having apparently caused the lower beds to lose more of their hydrogen. Anthracite, which has least hydrogen, is always lowest. Mr Johnston, at the end of his report, announced his opinion that the matter of coal had in most instances been produced on the spot, and not drifted, as some geologists have supposed—an opinion for which, notwithstanding Professor Phillips's objections, we think the evidence greatly preponderates. Dr Buckland paid Mr Johnston the just compliment of saying that his report formed an epoch in the investigation of the formation of coal.

RAISED BEACHES.

Dr Robb, in his paper on the river St John, stated that, along the course of that river, there were terraces one above another on the sides of the vale, and all of them parallel. They are composed of sedimentary matter, in which fragments of rock are found. (He was asked if shells were found, and answered, only a few, and these of marine kinds; but the country, from having no limestone, and from the great length of the winters, was, he conceived, unfavourable for the formation of shells.) The terraces, he said, are distinctly marked, and he exhibited sections of them. Similar terraces were found on other North American rivers, and he was inclined to consider them, as Dr Darwin had done the Glenroy terraces, as beaches raised into their present situation by successive upheavals of the land.

This interesting subject was further illustrated by a paper read by Mr Smith of Jordanhill; but, as we lately gave a short account of Mr Smith's speculations on this subject,* we shall here notice his statements very briefly. Of the superficial beds in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, the uppermost is a sand; next is a brick clay, interlaminated with sand, containing marine shells; then, the hard blue clay called in Scotland the till. There were evidences of all of these being formed after the tertiary period, or period of the highest rocks. Between these and the sandstone, there were three other beds of sand. In some of these beds, forty feet above the present sea-level, great quantities of sea-shells were found, containing about 15 per cent. of shells not now existing. What was most remarkable, the shells in some of these beds resembled those of shell-fish which now inhabit arctic regions, *seemingly showing that a much colder climate had at one time existed in our island.* The president, Mr Lyell, expressed his belief that, both in North America and here, there had been a change to a warmer or at least more uniform climate. He adverted to the possible connexion of Mr Smith's discovery with the theory of erratic blocks. [This theory is, that the large detached stones now found far from their native beds of rock, have been transported in seas to their present situation, attached to icebergs, from which they had been dropped, the bottom of the sea on which they fell being afterwards raised so as to become dry land.] Mr De la Beche said he had been struck by Mr Smith's statement that the beds in which the shells were found, were forty feet above the present level of the sea; and he asked if this was about the maximum height. Mr Smith answered that it was nearly so; when Mr De la Beche remarked that forty feet was also the maximum of the elevation of a raised beach in Cornwall, Devonshire, &c., as ascertained by the gentlemen of the Ordnance Survey. It was, he said, a remarkable coincidence, and would seem to show that a change in the level of the sea and land had taken place over a large area. [We believe, Mr De la Beche might have said the whole island of Great Britain, as a raised beach of about the same height is found in the north of Scotland, as well as in the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and in the southernmost extremity of England.]

* See a paper on Changes of Level in the North's Surface, in No. 477, published on the 4th of April 1840.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S ACCOUNT OF THE GLACIERS AND MORAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

No communication to the Geological Section attracted greater attention than an address which Professor Agassiz of Neuchâtel delivered,* respecting the glaciers of Switzerland. He particularly drew attention to facts relative to the manner in which the glaciers move. He attributes their movement to the continual introduction of water into all their minutest fissures, which water, in freezing, continually expands the mass. What follows is an account of his communication drawn up under his own eye:—"The bases of the glaciers, and the sides of the valleys which contain them, are always polished and scratched. The fragments of the rocks that fall upon the glaciers are accumulated in longitudinal ridges on the sides of the ice, by the effects of the unequal movement of its middle and lateral masses. The result is longitudinal deposits of stony detritus, which are called *morains*; but as the glaciers are continually pressed forwards, and often in hot summers melted back at their lower extremity, it results that the polished surfaces, occasioned by friction on the bottom and sides, are left uncovered, and that the *morains*, or curvilinear ridges of gravel, remain upon the rocks formerly covered by the ice, so that we can discover, by the polished surfaces and the *morains*, the extent to which the glaciers have heretofore existed, much beyond the limits they now occupy in the Alpine valleys. It even appears to result from the facts mentioned by Professor Agassiz, that enormous masses of ice have, at a former period, covered the great valley of Switzerland, together with the whole chain of the Jura, the sides of which, facing the Alps, are also polished, and interspersed with angular erratic rocks, resembling the boulders in the *morains*, but so far different, that the masses of ice, not being there confined between two sides of a valley, their movements were in some respects different—the boulders not being connected in continuous ridges, but dispersed singly over the Jura at different levels. Professor Agassiz conceives that at a certain epoch all the north of Europe, and also the north of Asia and America, were covered with a mass of ice, in which the elephants and other mammalia found in the frozen mud and gravel of the arctic regions, were imbedded at the time of their destruction. The author thinks that when this immense mass of ice began quickly to melt, the currents of water that resulted have transported and deposited the masses of irregularly rounded boulders and gravel that fill the bottoms of the valleys; innumerable boulders having at the same time been transported, together with mud and gravel, upon the masses of the glaciers then set afloat. Professor Agassiz announced that these facts are explained at length in the work which he has just published, '*Etudes sur les Glaciers de la Suisse*,' illustrated by many beautiful plates, which were laid before the Geological Section. Professor Agassiz is also inclined to suppose that glaciers have been spread over Scotland, and have every where produced similar results." He concluded by saying that he meant to follow up his researches in the Highlands of Scotland, where he confidently expected to find evidence of such glaciers having existed, particularly around Ben Nevis.

[It may here be remarked that Professor Jameson, some years ago, published an account of morains which he had discovered in Norway, in districts where no glaciers are now to be seen. Mr Darwin more lately found glaciers reaching down to the level of the sea on the coast of Chili, in latitude 46°, that is, eleven degrees nearer the equator than Ben Nevis. These particulars will form a suitable preface to the following letter which Professor Agassiz addressed to Professor Jameson, from Fort Augustus, on the 3d of October, after he had visited Glenroy and Ben Nevis. It was designed for publication in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*; but being too late for the current number of that work, it was communicated to the public through the medium of the *Scotsman* newspaper. The discovery of morains on Ben Nevis is certainly a most interesting circumstance; but we must, with all humility, confess that we dread some rashness in the learned professor's conclusion respecting the terraces of Glenroy, the perfect levelness and parallelism of which seem to us irreconcilable with the idea of their having been laid by any thing but quiescent water:—"After having obtained in Switzerland the most conclusive proofs that at a former period the glaciers were of much greater extent than at present, nay, that they had covered the whole country, and had transported the erratic blocks to the places where these are now found, it was my wish to examine a country where glaciers are no longer met with, but in which they might formerly have existed. I therefore directed my attention to Scotland, and had scarcely arrived in Glasgow, when I found remote traces of the action of glaciers; and the nearer I approached the high mountain chains, these became more distinct, until, at the foot of Ben Nevis, and in the principal valleys, I discovered the most distinct *morains* and polished rocky surfaces, just as in the valleys of the Swiss Alps, in the region of existing glaciers; so that the existence of glaciers in Scotland at early periods can no longer be doubted. The parallel roads of Glenroy are intimately connected with this former

* Thursday, September 17.

* Tuesday, September 22.

occurrences of glaciers, and have been caused by a glacier from Ben Nevis. The phenomenon must have been precisely analogous to the glacier-lakes of the Tyrol, and to the event that took place in the valley of Bagne. It appeared to me that you would be glad to be able to announce, for the first time, in your extensively-read journal, the intelligence of the discovery of so important a geological fact."]

THE SKIPPER'S STORY.*

It's about four years ago, I was strolling one evening down the side of the harbour at Cove, with my hands in my pockets, having nothing to do, nor no prospect of it, for my last ship had been wrecked off the Bermudas, and nearly all the crew lost; and somehow, when a man is in misfortune, the underwriters won't have him at no price. Well, there I was looking about me, at the craft that lay on every side waiting for a fair wind to run down Channel. All was active and busy; every one getting his vessel ship-shape and tidy, tarring, painting, mending sails, stretching new hunting, and getting in sea-store; boats were plying on every side, signals flying, guns firing from the men-of-war, and every thing was lively as might be—all but me. There I was, like an old water-logged timber-ship, never moving a spar, but looking for all the world as though I were a settling fast to go down stern-foremost; maybe as how I had no objection to that same; but that's neither here nor there. Well, I sat down on the fluke of an anchor, and began a-thinking if it wasn't better to go before the mast than to live on that way. Just before me, where I sat down, there was an old schooner that lay moored in the same place, for as long as I could remember; she was there when I was a boy, and never looked a bit the fresher nor newer as long as I recollected; her old bluff bows, her high poop, her round stern, her flush deck, all Dutch like, I knew them well, and many a time I delighted to think what queer kind of a chap he was that first set her on the stocks, and pondered in what trade she ever could have been. All the sailors about the port used to call her Noah's Ark, and swear she was the identical craft that he stowed away all the wild beasts in during the rainy season. Be that as it might, since I fell into misfortune I got to feel a liking for the old schooner. She was like an old friend; she never changed to me, fair weather or foul; there she was, just the same as thirty years before, when all the world were forgetting and steering wide away from me. Every morning I used to go down to the harbour and have a look at her, just to see that all was right, and nothing stirred; and if it blew very hard at night, I'd get up and go down to look how she weathered it, just as if I was at sea in her. Now and then I'd get some of the watermen to row me aboard of her, and leave me there for a few hours, when I used to be quite happy walking the deck, holding the old worn-out wheel, looking out ahead, and going down below, just as though I was in command of her. Day after day, this habit grew on me, and at last my whole life was spent in watching her and looking after her: there was something so much alike in our fortunes, that I always thought of her. Like myself, she had had her day of life and activity; we had both braved the storm and the breeze; her shattered bulwarks and worn cut-water attested that she had, like myself, not escaped her calamities. We both had survived our dangers to be neglected and forgotten, and to lie rotting on the stream of life till the crumbling hand of time should break us up timber by timber. Is it any wonder if I loved the old craft; or if, by any chance, the idle boys would venture aboard of her to play and amuse themselves, that I hallooed them away; or, when a newly-arrived ship, not caring for the old boat, would run foul of her, and carry away some spar or piece of running rigging, I would suddenly call out to them to sheer off, and not damage us. By degrees, they came all to notice this; and I found that they thought me out of my senses, and many a trick was played off upon Old Noah, for that was the name the sailors gave me.

Well, this evening, as I was saying, I sat upon the fluke of the anchor, waiting for a chance boat to put me aboard. It was past sunset, the tide was ebbing, and the old craft was surging to the fast current that ran by with a short impatient jerk, as though she were well waked, and wished to be at rest: her loose back-stays creaked mournfully, and, as she yawed over, the sea ran from many a breach in her worn sides, like blood trickling from a wound. Ay, ay, thought I, the hour is not far off; another stiff gale, and all that remains of you will be found high and dry upon the shore. My heart was very heavy as I thought of this, for, in my loneliness, the Old Ark was all the companion I had. I've heard of a poor prisoner who, for many and many years, watched a spider that wove his web within his window, and never lost sight of him from morning till night; and, somehow, I can believe it well; the heart will cling to something, and, if it has no living object to press to, it will find a lifeless one: it can no more stand alone than the shrouds can without the mast. The evening wore on, as I was thinking thus; the moon shone out, but no boat came; and I was just determining to go home again for the night, when I saw two men standing on the steps of the wharf below me, and looking straight at the Ark. Now, I must tell you I always felt uneasy when any one came to look at her, for I began to fear that some ship-owner

or other would buy her to break up, though, except the copper fastenings, there was little of any value about her. Now, the moment I saw the two figures stop short and point to her, I said to myself, Ah! my old girl, so they won't even let the blue water finish you, but they must set their carpenters and dock-yard people to work upon you. This thought grieved me more and more. Had a stiff sou-wester laid her over, I should have felt it was natural, for her sand was run out; but just as this passed through my mind, I heard a voice from one of the persons that I at once knew to be the port admiral.

"Well, Dawkins," said he to the other, "if you think she'll hold together, I'm sure I've no objection: I don't like the job, I confess, but still the admiralty must be obeyed."

"Oh, my lord," said the other, "she's the very thing; she's a rakish-looking craft, and will do admirably; any repair we want, a few days will effect: secrecy is the great thing."

"Yes," said the admiral, after a pause, "as you observed, secrecy is the great thing."

Ho! ho! thought I, there's something in the wind here; so I layed myself out upon the anchor stock to listen better unobserved. "We must find a crew for her, give her a few cannonades, make her as ship-shape as we can, and if the skipper—ay, but there is the real difficulty," said the admiral hastily, "where are we to find the fellow that will suit us? we can't every day find a man willing to jeopardize himself in such a case as this, even though the reward be a great one."

"Very true, my lord; but I don't think there is any necessity for our explaining to him the exact nature of the service."

"Come, come, Dawkins, you can't mean that you'll lead a poor fellow into such a scrape blind-folded?"

"Oh, as to that," said the other, "there are plenty of scoundrels in the fleet here fit for nothing else. Any fellow who has been thrice up for punishment in six months, we'll draft on board of her; the fellows who have only been once to the gangway, we'll make the officers."

A pleasant ship's company, though I, if the devil would only take the command. Ho, ho! thought I, I've found you out at last; so this is a secret expedition; I see it all; they're fitting her out as a fire-ship, and going to send her slap in among the French fleet at Brest. Well, thought I, even that's better; that, at least, is a glorious end, though the poor fellows have no chance of escape.

"Now, then," said the admiral, "to-morrow you'll look out for the fellow to take the command; he must be a smart seaman, a bold fellow, too, otherwise the ruffianly crew will be too much for him; he may bid high, we'll come to his price."

So you may, thought I, when you are buying his life.

"I hope sincerely," continued the admiral, "that we may light upon some one without wife or child; I could never forgive myself—"

"Never fear, my lord," said the other; "my care shall be to pitch upon one whose loss no one would feel; some one without friend or home, whose setting his life for nought, cares less for the gain than the very recklessness of the adventure."

"That's me," said I, springing up from the anchor-stock, and leaping between them; "I'm that man."

Had the very devil himself appeared at the moment, I doubt if they would have been more scared. The admiral started a pace or two backwards, while Dawkins, the first surprise over, seized me by the collar, and held me fast.

"Who are you, scoundrel, and what brings you here?" said he, his voice hoarse with passion.

"I'm Old Noah," said I; for, somehow, I had been called by no other name for so long, I never thought of my real one.

"Noah!" said the admiral; "Noah! Well, but Noah, what were you doing down here at this time of night?"

"I was a-watching the Ark, my lord," said I, bowing, as I took off my hat.

"I've heard of this fellow before, my lord," said Dawkins; "he's a poor lunatic that is always wandering about the harbour, and, I believe, has no harm in him."

"My lord," said I, boldly, "I am not mad. Misfortune and calamity I have had enough of to make me so; but, thank God, my brain has been tougher than my poor heart. I was once the part owner and commander of a goodly craft, that swept the sea, if not with a broad pennon at her mast-head, with as light a spirit as ever lived beneath one. I was rich; I had a home and a child: I am now poor, houseless, childless, friendless, and outcast. If, in my solitary wretchedness, I have loved to look upon that old bark, it is because its fortune seemed like my own. It had outlived all that needed or cared for it; for this reason have they thought me mad, though there are those, and not few either, who can well bear testimony if stain or reproach lie at my door, and if I can be reproached with aught save bad luck. I have heard, by chance, what you have said this night; I know you are fitting out a secret expedition; I know its dangers, its inevitable dangers; and I here offer myself to lead it; I ask no reward; I look for no price. Alas! who is left to me for whom I could labour now? Give me but the opportunity to end my days with honour on board the old craft where my heart still clings: give me but that. Well, if you will not do so much, let me serve among the crew; put me before the mast. My lord, you'll not refuse this; it is an old man asks, one whose grey hairs have floated many a year before the breeze."

"My poor fellow, you know not what you ask; this is no common case of danger."

"I know it all, my lord; I have heard it all."

"We," said the admiral, "must speak together again. Be here to-morrow night at this hour; keep your own counsel of what has passed; and, now, good night." So saying, the admiral took Dawkins by the arm, and returned slowly towards the town, leaving me, where I stood, meditating on this singular meeting and its possible consequences.

The whole of the following day was passed by me in a state of feverish excitement which I cannot describe; this strange adventure breaking in so suddenly upon the dull monotony of my daily existence, had so aroused and stimulated me, that I could neither rest nor eat. How I longed for night to come!—for sometimes, as the day wore later, I began to fear that the whole scene of my meeting with the admiral had been merely some excited dream of a tortured and fretted mind; and as I stood examining the ground where I believed the interview to have occurred, I endeavoured to recall the position of different objects as they stood around, to corroborate my own failing remembrance.

At last the evening closed in; but, unlike the preceding one, the sky was covered with masses of dark and watery cloud, that drifted hurriedly across; the air felt heavy and thick, and unnaturally still and calm; the water of the harbour looked of a dull leaden hue, and all the vessels seemed larger than they were, and stood out from the landscape more clearly than usual; now and then a low rumbling noise was heard, somewhat alike in sound, but far too faint, for distant thunder; while, occasionally, the boats and smaller craft rocked to and fro, as though some ground swell stirred them without breaking the languid surface of the sea above.

A few drops of thick heavy rain fell just as the darkness came on, and then all felt still and calm as before. I sat upon the anchor-stock, my eyes fixed upon the Old Ark, until gradually her outline grew fainter and fainter against the dark sky, and her black hull could scarcely be distinguished from the water beneath. I felt that I was looking towards her; for long after I had lost sight of the tall mast and high-pitched bowsprit, I feared to turn away my head, lest I should lose the place where she lay.

The time went slowly on, and although in reality I had not been long there, I felt as if years themselves had passed over my head. Since I had come there, my mind brooded over all the misfortunes of my life; as I contrasted its outset, bright with hope and rich in promise, with the sad reality, my heart grew heavy, and my chest heaved painfully; so sunk was I in my reflection, so lost in thought, that I never knew that the storm had broken loose, and that the heavy rain was falling in torrents. The very ground, parched with long drought, smoked as it pattered upon it, while the low wailing cry of the seagull, mingled with the deep growl of far-off thunder, told that the night was a fearful one for those at sea. Wet through and shivering, I sat still, now listening, amid the noise of the hurricane and the creaking of the cordage, for any footstep to approach; and now, relapsing back into a half-despairing dread that my heated brain alone had conjured up the scene of the day before. Such were my dreary reflections, when a loud crash aboard the schooner told me that some old spar had given way. I strained my eyes through the dark to see what had happened, but in vain; the black vapour, thick with falling rain, obscured everything, and all was hid from view. I could hear that she worked violently as the waves beat against her worn sides, and that her iron cable creaked as she pitched to the breaking sea. The wind was momentarily increasing, and I began to fear lest I should have taken my last look at the old craft, when my attention was called off by hearing a loud voice cry out, "Halloo there! Where are you?"

"Ay, ay, sir, I'm here." In a moment the admiral and his friend were beside me.

"What a night!" exclaimed the admiral, as he shook the rain from the heavy boat cloak, and covered in beneath some tall block of granite near. "I began half to hope that might not have been my poor fellow," said the admiral; "it's a dreadful time for one so poorly clad for a storm; I say, Dawkins, let him have a pull at your flask." The brandy rallied me a little, and I felt that it cheered my drooping courage.

"This is not a time, nor is it a place, for much parley," said the admiral; "so that we must even make short work of it. Since we met here last night, I have satisfied myself that you are to be trusted, that your character and reputation have nothing heavier against them than misfortune, which certainly, if I have been rightly informed, has been largely dealt out to you. Now, then, I am willing to accept of your offer of service, if you are still of the same mind as when you made it; and if you are willing to undertake what we have to do, without any question and inquiry as to points on which we must not and dare not inform you. This is the plan: as soon as that old craft can be got ready for sea, or some other, if she be not worth it, you will sail from this port with a strong crew, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Your destination is Malta; your object to deliver to the admiral stationed there the dispatches with which you will be intrusted; they contain information of immense importance, which, for certain reasons, cannot be sent through a ship of war, but must be forwarded by a vessel that may not attract particular notice. If you be attacked, your orders are to resist; if you be taken, on no account destroy the papers, for the French vessel can scarcely escape re-capture from our frigates, and it is of great consequence these papers should remain. Such is a brief sketch of our plan; the details can be made known to you hereafter."

"I am quite ready, my lord: I ask for no terms; I make no stipulations. If the result be favourable, it will be time enough to speak of that. When am I to sail?"

I do not shorten sail here to tell you what reports were circulated about Cove, as to my extraordinary change in circumstances, nor how I bore my altered fortunes. It is enough that I say, that in less than three weeks I weighed anchor, and stood out to sea one beautiful morning in autumn, and set out upon my expedition.

I have already told you something of the craft. Let me complete the picture by informing you that, before twenty-four hours passed over, I discovered that so ungainly, so awkward, so unmanageable a vessel, never was put to sea: in light winds she scarcely stirred, or moved

* This portion of a very clever and amusing book, "Charles O'Malley," is reprinted here, with the permission of the publishers, Messrs W. Curry, Jun. and Co., of Dublin.

as if she were water-logged; if it came to blow upon the quarter, she fell off from her helm at a fearful rate; in wearing, she endangered every spar she had; and when you put her in stays, when half round she would fall back, and nearly carry away every stitch of canvass with the shock. If the ship was bad, the crew were ten times worse. What Dawkins said turned out to be literally true: every ill-conducted, disorderly fellow, who had been up the gangway once a week or so—every unreclaimed landsman, of bad character and no seamanship—was sent on board of us; and, in fact, except that there was scarcely any discipline and no restraint, we appeared like a floating penitentiary of convicted felons.

So long as we ran down the Channel, with a slack sea and fair wind, so long all went on tolerably well; to be sure, they only kept watch when they tired below, and reeled about the deck, went down below, and all just as they pleased, and treated me with no manner of respect. After some vain efforts to repress their excesses—vain, for I had no one to second me—I appeared to take no notice of their misconduct, and contented myself with waiting for the time when, my dreary voyage over, I should quit the command, and part company with such associates for ever. At last, however, it came on to blow, and the night we passed the Lizard was indeed a fearful one. As morning broke, a sea running mountains high—a wind, strong from the north-west—was hurrying the old craft along at a rate I believed impossible. I shall not stop to recount the frightful scenes of anarchy, confusion, drunkenness, and insubordination, which our crew exhibited; the recollection is too bad already, and I would spare you and myself the recital; but, on the fourth day from the setting in of the gale, as we entered the Bay of Biscay, some one aloft desecrated a strange sail to windward, bearing down as if in pursuit of us. Scarcely did the news reach the deck, when, bad as it was before, matters became now ten times worse, some resolving to give themselves up, if the chase happened to be French, and vowing that, before surrendering, the spirit-room should be forced, and every man let drink as he pleased. Others proposed, if there were any thing like equality in the force, to attack and convert the captured vessel, if they succeeded, into a slaver, and sail at once for Africa. Some were for blowing up the old schooner with all on board; and, in fact, every counsel that drunkenness, insanity, and crime combined, could suggest, was offered and despatched on. Meanwhile, the chase gained rapidly upon us, and before noon we discovered her to be a French letter of marque, with four guns, and a long brass vessel upon the poop-deck. As for us, every sheet of canvass we could crowd was crammed on, but in vain; and, as we laboured through the heavy sea, our riotous crew grew every moment worse, and sitting down sulkily in groups upon the deck, declared that, come what might, they would neither work the ship nor fight her; that they had been sent to sea in a rotten craft, merely to effect their destruction; and that they cared little for the disgrace of a flag they detested. Half furious with the taunting sarcasm I heard on every side, and nearly mad from passion, and bewildered, my first impulse was to rush amongst them with my drawn cutlass, and, ere I fell their victim, take heavy vengeance upon the ringleaders, when suddenly a sharp booming noise came thundering along, and a round shot went flying over our heads.

"Down with the ensign!—strike at once!" cried eight or ten voices together, as the ball whizzed through the rigging. Anticipating this, and resolving, whatever might happen, to fight her to the last, I had ordered the mate, a staunch-hearted resolute fellow, to make fast the signal sallyard aloft, so that it was impossible for any one on deck to lower the bunting. Bang went another gun, and, before the smoke cleared away, a third, which, truer in its aim than the rest, went clean through the lower part of our mainsail.

"Steady, then, boys, and clear for action," said the mate. "She's a French smuggling craft, that will sheer off when we show fight, so that we must not fire a shot till she comes alongside."

"And harkee, lads," said I, taking up the tone of encouragement he spoke with, "if we take her, I promise to claim nothing of the prize. Whatever we capture, you shall divide amongst yourselves."

"It's very easy to divide whatever we never had," said one. "Nearly as easy as to give it," cried another. "I'll never light match or draw cutlass in the cause," said a third.

"Surrender!"—"Strike the flag!"—"Down with the colours," roared several voices together.

By this time the Frenchman was close up, and ranging his long gun to sweep our decks; his crew were quite perceptible, about twenty bronzed stout-looking fellows, stripped to the waist, and carrying pistols in broad flat belts slung over the shoulder.

"Come, my lads," said I, raising my voice, as I drew a pistol from my side and cocked it, "our time is short now; I may as well tell you that the first shot that strikes us amidst blows up the whole craft, and every man on board. We are nothing less than a fireship, destined for Brest harbour to blow up the French fleet. If you are willing to make an effort for your lives, follow me."

The men looked aghast. Whatever recklessness crime and drunkenness had given them, the awful feeling of inevitable death at once repelled. Short as was the time for reflection, they felt that there were many circumstances to encourage the assertion; the nature of the vessel, her riotous, disorderly crew, the secret nature of the service, all confirmed it, and they answered, with a shout of despairing vengeance, "We'll board her; lead us on." As the cry rose up, the long swivel from the chase rung sharply in our ears, and a tremendous discharge of grape flew through our rigging; none of our men, however, fell; and, animated now with the desire for battle, they sprang to the binnacle and seized their arms.

In an instant the whole deck became a scene of excited bustle; and scarcely was the ammunition dealt out, and

the boarding party drawn up, when the Frenchman broached to and lashed his bowsprit to our own.

One terrific yell rose from our fellows as they sprang from the rigging and the poop upon the astonished Frenchmen, who thought the victory was already their own; with death and ruin behind, their only hope before, they dashed forward like madmen to the fray.

The conflict was a bloody and terrific, though not a long one; nearly equal in number, but far superior in personal strength, and stimulated by their sense of danger, our fellows rushed onward, carrying all before them, to the quarter-deck. Here the Frenchmen rallied, and, for some minutes had rather the advantage, until the mate, turning one of their guns against them, prepared to sweep them down in a mass. Then it was that they ceased their fire, and cried out for quarter. All, save their captain, a short thick-set fellow, with a grizzly beard and moustache, who, seeing his men fall back, turned on them one glance of scowling indignation, and rushing forward, clove our boatswain to the deck with one blow. Before the example could have been followed, he lay a bloody corpse upon the deck, while our people, roused to madness by the loss of a favourite among the men, dashed impetuously forward, and, dealing death on every side, left not one man living among their unresisting enemies. My story is soon told now. We brought our prize safe into Malta, which we reached in five days. In less than a week our men were drafted into different men-of-war on the station. I was appointed a warrant-officer in the Sheerwater, forty-four guns; and as the admiral opened the dispatch, the only words he spoke puzzled me for many a day after.

"You have accomplished your orders too well," said he; "that French privateer is but a poor compensation for the whole French navy."

Many years afterwards I found that our dispatches were false ones; intended to have fallen into the hands of the French, and misled them as to Lord Nelson's fleet, which at that time was cruising to the southward to catch them. This, of course, explained what fate was destined for us; a French prison, if not death; and, after all, either was fully good enough for the crew that sailed in the old schooner.

POETRY OF FRANCE.

EIGHTH ARTICLE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a poet of a very different stamp from Pierre Jean de Beranger, and of a genius much less decidedly national, or at least less akin to that which characterises the past poetical literature of France. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the genius of Lamartine is truly national, but that his poetical tendencies and powers have been modified by, and moulded upon, models very unlike any afforded by his own country either in old or recent times. The poetical luminaries of modern England, and more especially Wordsworth and Byron, are the high exemplars which Lamartine has set before himself, and the result has been a marked commingling of the spirit and tone of these two bards in his compositions. The latter are as pure as the writings of Wordsworth as regards moral and religious sentiments; but the temperament of the French poet was ardent and impassioned as that of Byron, and hence the calm and philosophic gravity of the great Lake poet will be looked for in vain in the productions of the continental bard. In a word, Lamartine is something of a religious Byron. But, though we rank the French poet highly, we would by no means place him beside either of his English contemporaries in point of real poetical merit. His writings are beautiful and highly imaginative, but their excellence is marred by diffuseness—by a want of condensed power both in thought and language.

These observations will introduce to our readers a brief specimen of Lamartine, being the opening of a long poem addressed to Byron, who was then in life. It will be seen how deeply the strangely-mingled qualities of the English poet had impressed the mind of the French writer:

Thou, whose true name not yet mankind have glean'd,
Mysterious spirit, angel, man, or fiend!

Be thou a genius or of good or ill.

Byron, I love thy wild strange music still—

More than the roar of winds, or thunder's voice,

Mingling in tempest with the torrent's noise!

Night is thy sojourn, horror thy domain.

Like thee, the eagle scorns the lowly plain;

King of the wilds, he seeks the rugged rocks,

By winter blanch'd, and scarr'd by lightning-shocks;

Shores strewn with shipwrecks by the angry flood,

Or fields by war all blacken'd o'er with blood;

And, whilst the gentle bird that sings and grieves,

Builds upon flowery banks its nest of leaves,

He of Mount Athos spurns the awful crown,

And hangs his eyes where abysses frown;

And there, alone, engirt by quivering limbs,

Whence o'er the rocks black gore for ever swims,

Joying in cries from many victims sent,

Rock'd by the storm, he sleeps in fierce content!

Thou, Byron, like this brigand of the air, &c.

This terrible comparison refers, it will be understood, to the wild and mocking way in which, in his later days, Byron allowed himself to speak of the virtues and failings of man, and, indeed, of all that involved his best interests. Lamartine, in the sequel, endeavours to reason Byron into submissive resignation to the decrees of Heaven—an attempt which at least shows the earnest nature of Lamartine's own mind. The object of the address, as we find from his letters, only smiled at the other's simplicity. The French poet further showed his admiration of the English bard by adding a canto to *Childe Harold*, describing the close of the real *Childe's* pilgrimage on earth. Enough of this subject, however. Our readers will doubtless prefer another specimen of Lamartine's

poetry to our prose. The following little piece is from one of his books of "Harmonies, Poetical and Religious."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

What time thy heavenly voice preludes
Unto the fair and silent night,
Wing'd minstrel of my solitude,
Unknown to thee I trace its flight.

Thou knowest not that one remains
Beneath the trees hour after hour,
Whose ear drinks in thy wondrous strains,
Intoxicated by their power;

Nor that the while a breath of air
Escapes but from my lips with grief;
And that my foot avoids with care
The rustling of a single leaf;

Thou deemest not that one, whose art
Is like thine own, but known to day,
Repeats and envies in his heart
Thy forest-born nocturnal lay!

If but the star of night reclines
Upon the hills thy song to hear,
Amid the branches of the pines
Thou couchest from the ray in fear.

Or if the rivulet, which chides
The stone that in its way doth come,
Should speak from 'neath its mossy sides,
The sound affrights and strikes thee dumb!

Thy voice, so touching and sublime,
Is far too pure for this gross earth:
Surely we well may deem the chime
An instinct which with God has birth!

Thy warblings and thy murmurs sweet
Into melodious union bring
All fair sounds that in nature meet,
Or float from heaven on wandering wing.

Thy voice, though thou may'st know it not,
Is but the voice of the blue sky—
Of forest glade, and sounding grot,
And vale where sleeping shadows lie;

It blends the tones which it receives
From prattlings of the summer rills,
From trembling rustlings of the leaves,
From echoes dying on the hills;

From waters filtering drop by drop
Down naked crag to basin cool,
And sounding ever, without stop,
While wrinkling all the rock-arch'd pool;

From the rich breeze-born plaints that flow
From out the branching night of trees;
From whispering reeds, and waves that go
To die upon the shores of seas;

Of these sweet voices, which contain
The instinct that instructeth thee,
God made, oh nightingale, the strain
Thou givest unto night and me!

Ah! these so soft nocturnal scenes,
These pious mysteries of the eve,
And these fair flowers, of which each leans
Above its urn, and seems to grieve;

These leaves on which the dew-tears lie,
These freshest breathings of the trees—
All things, oh Nature, loudly cry,
"A voice must be for sweets like these!"

And that mysterious voice—that sound,
Which angels listen to with me,
That sigh of pious night—is found
In thee, melodious bird, in thee!

This piece forms a very fair specimen of the poetry of Lamartine. There may be a want of the tangible and substantial about it, but, in place of these qualities, there is a fine dreamy beauty, both of sentiment and imagery, and much eloquence of language. At some future time we shall return to Lamartine. In the mean time, one or two pieces by other French authors lie before us, which may perhaps please our readers. Alfred de Vigny is one of the cleverest novel writers of modern France, and he has also composed some most beautiful poetry. The subjoined lyric, which we select merely because it is at hand, being quoted in a very able notice of the writer in the Westminster Review, seems to us very spirited, though we mean not to record any approval of the ultra-marine tendencies displayed in it. These are perhaps allowable, however, in the case of a sea-rover addressing the lady of his love.

SERENADE.

Come and fear not, gentle one,
Come o'er the sea;
Portionless and all alone,
Come thou with me.
See! how gaily in the sun
My penguins fly

Over mast, and sail, and gun!

'Tis a shell—yet, peer'd by none,
King there am I.

Land was made but for the slave,
Fair love of mine!
But the free, the bright, the brave,
Theirs is the brine.
Mystic stores its waters have
Of joy and gloom;
Every murmur from its wave
Speaks of love, and chants a stave
Of liberty!

Our old friend Beranger treats a similar subject in a strain more to our taste. With his usual skill in effecting such infusions, he makes the following verses to Adèle the vehicle, as the reader will see, of sentiments, not very original, perhaps, but manly, cheerful, and free-spirited. In one sense, Beranger never wastes a line. Be the subject what it may, he treats it so as to inculcate some practical truth.

BEAUCOUP D'AMOUR.

Despite what wisdom's voice may say,
I fain would gather heaps of ore,
And at my true-love's feet would lay,
With pleased haste, the golden store.

Then daily would I satisfy
Each lightest wish, Adèle, of thine :
No jot of avarice have I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

To make immortal my Adèle,
Were I with powers of song inspired,
My verse, which still on her should dwell,
Would be from age to age admired.

Thus may the future's memory
Our graven names one day entwine :
I have no wish for fame—not I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

If Providence should deign to place
My steps upon a kingly throne,
Adèle that splendid dream should grace,
And all my rights be hers alone.

To please her more, I willingly
Would cease a court around me shine :
Ambition—none of it have I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

But why these vexing vain desires,
Since every wish Adèle doth crown ?
More happiness true love inspires,
Than grandeur, riches, or renown.

Then, let me on that bliss rely,
Which fate can never make me tye ;
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor rank have I,
But boundless, boundless love is mine !

These various specimens from the poetical stores of modern France, may be closed with another piece, the production of one who filled a high place in that country in days not long past, Hortense Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and wife of Louis Bonaparte. For a time, it will be remembered, Hortense sat on the throne of Holland. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, and deeply attached to her native France. The subjoined lines, entitled "The Charms of Fatherland," were written by her when about to return to that land after a long exile. Happy for the poor lady that she did not live to see her eldest son sent to a dungeon there, a captive for life !

I go to see my own dear land once more ;
I go to die where first I saw the light !
How much your loss, ye cold ones, I deplore,
In whom the thoughts of home no thrill excite !

Ye fields, of childhood's joys the teeming scene,
With hosts of tender recollections sown,
The twofold charm ye offer us, I ween,
Of recent joys mix'd up with those long gone.

All here below feel more or less the tie
That draws us where our infant cradles lay ;
Sweet sympathy, which makes life lightly fly,
And from the grave takes ev'n its gloom away !

Wearied with absence, lengthen'd out too long,
Of former pleasures I delight to dream ;
My heart revives, and Hope inspires my song,
And still is home, dear home, the cheering theme.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW VESICATORY.

WHILE nothing can be more dangerous to society than the nostrum-vending of incompetent persons, and the latitude given to it by our existing laws, on the other hand it is clear that any real advance in remedial science ought to be warmly hailed as conferring a blessing of the most direct possible kind upon humanity. In Edinburgh, within these few months, a discovery of this order has been made, which, in our opinion, merits being universally known. Counter-irritation, in the case of internal disease, has been too long approved of by the medical world for any doubt to be entertained of its utility ; and, of all the counter-irritants that have been tried, cantharides, or Spanish flies, have been found the most convenient and efficacious. In fact, with the exception of mustard cataplasms in mild cases, no other blisters are now in use. These blisters, however, have their disadvantages. In the first place, they are apt to produce the very painful affection called strangury, and in many instances cannot be used, in consequence of that accompanying mischief. Again, the pain of the cantharides blister is very considerable, and this not only while the skin is being broken, but also afterwards, from portions of the flies adhering to the spot, and keeping up the irritation unnecessarily. A third point to be remarked is, that the blister very seldom rises so equally as is desirable. From unequal spreading of the plaster, or unequal mixing of the flies, a vesicle is produced in one spot and not in another, and, in short, many small irregular vesicles are caused, instead of a single perfect one. Other defects in the operation of the cantharides blisters might be noticed, but these will suffice for the present purpose.

Two ingenious young chemists, Messrs Smith of Duke Street, Edinburgh, have discovered a new vesicatory, or blister, liable to none of these objections ; or rather they have discovered a new mode of using the cantharides, by which all its advantages are obtained without any of its disadvantages. This new blistering article is very elegant in form, being manufactured in sheets resembling those of common white adhesive plaster. It is, in fact, a paper impregnated with the effective essence of cantharides. A slip of this, cut of the proper form, is applied in the usual way, and, under ordinary circumstances, raises a complete vesicle in from six to twelve hours upon the skin of an adult—in a lesser time, in short, by an hour or two, than the old blister would take. The application is peculiarly cleanly. No whisky or other stimulant need be applied to the skin beforehand, as formerly done ; and, when the new vesicatory is removed, no

vestige of the cantharides remains behind, to excite strangury or cause a continuance of pain. The difference between the two processes, we repeat, is great as regards efficacy, neatness, cleanliness, and ease of management ; and the perfect unity, also, of the vesicle produced, is a point of superiority not less remarkable.

It was from accidentally seeing its operation in private, some time since, that our attention was called to this new vesicatory. But we have subsequently learned that it has been already put to proof by a large portion of the medical public, and found to possess such superior efficacy, as renders it desirable that the discovery should be widely known. In addition to numbers of private physicians and surgeons, the Royal or Public Infirmary of Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other places, have used this substance largely for a number of months, and it has gradually superseded the use of the old blisters in their practice. After employing it in several hundred cases, the medical people of the Edinburgh Infirmary have found it in no one case to produce strangury, an affection formerly most troublesome to themselves and their patients. The desired effects have been produced, on the other hand, with almost unvarying certainty, whatever part of the frame the vesicatory was applied to, and whatever the degree of toughness (no unimportant point) characterising the patient's skin. The apothecary of the Aberdeen Infirmary has certified to his use of it in between one and two hundred cases, within a few past weeks, and it has only failed to produce the full effect in about six instances. [The old blister, in a third of the cases, might perhaps have produced at least very imperfect vesication.] No strangury has followed the use of the new blister, and its cleanliness and convenience are highly commended.

We have noticed this subject, in the belief that the improvement now made in the materials of vesication will render the practice of counter-irritation, so common now-a-days in cases of disease, far less painful to the sufferer, as well as more convenient, safe, and effective. To keep silence, while aware that the means for attaining an end so desirable exist, would be nothing less than inhumane.

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES.

An improvement in the surgical branch of the medical art is something even more important than a beneficial discovery in the department of the Materia Medica. The cure of squinting, by division of the muscles that move the eye-ball, was formerly adverted to. The same principle of cure has been extended to other deformities. A contracted arm or leg, a bent body, or a twisted neck, depends in most cases upon the very same fundamental cause to which squinting is attributable—namely, a shortening or contraction of the muscles, or of their tendinous endings. Hence the remedy is the same—the division of the muscular or tendinous fibres in fault. Dr Stromeyer of Hanover, at present Professor of Surgery in the University of Erlangen, was the surgeon who first effected a cure of bodily deformity, by operating in the manner described. This took place in the year 1831. The same gentleman proposed the extension of his discovery to the cure of squinting, but was not himself the first who successfully carried it into practice. Dr Duffenbach, a distinguished surgeon of Berlin, having witnessed the consequences of one of Dr Stromeyer's operations, in the person of a medical man now residing and practising in London, immediately took up the invention, and by him was it first successfully applied to the cure of obliquity of vision.

Drs Stromeyer and Duffenbach operated in their respective districts, with signal success, in hundreds of cases of deformity in the arms and legs. The invention found its way, a year or two afterwards, to Paris, and many remarkable cures have been effected there. In one late instance, a distinguished Parisian surgeon divided not less than forty muscles (we write from memory) in the body of a deformed person. The British surgeons have been long in taking up this operation as a regular part of their professional practice, but we have no doubt that it must soon gain ground and favour among them. An intelligent medical man, resident near our Scottish metropolis, has sent us some remarks upon this subject, with a particular account of Dr Stromeyer's mode of operation, to which we have much pleasure in giving a place in our columns. It is painful, "in walking along the streets (says our correspondent), to see both old and young people, of both sexes, and sometimes of great personal attractions, walking upon very high-heeled boots, or supporting themselves upon stilts, from deformities in their feet and limbs. If of the fair sex, they very naturally do their utmost to conceal any thing of the kind, but their awkward gait betrays the existence of some defect. If such persons knew that there is a mode of curing the majority of these affections, and that hundreds of cases have already been cured, they would surely hasten to inquire of their respective medical men if their own individual cases were similarly remediable."

The deformity consists, it has been said, in a shortening of the muscles, or contractions of the tendons. These are cut, and then the part is stretched to its natural shape, and kept in that position for weeks or months. For instance, "we often see people with one of their feet pointing straight downwards to the ground, and the heel five or six inches above it, and

who walk with a foot having a heel of corresponding height. Now, this affection is caused by extreme shortness of the thick tendon running for some inches above the heel (called *tendo Achillis*) ; and if this tendon be cut through, two or three inches above the heel, just as we would a piece of rope, and if we apply any apparatus so as to bring the foot to a right angle with the leg, and lengthen the interval between the cut ends, a cure is effected. The tendon is cut with a small scythe-shaped knife, with or without a button at the end of it ; but the skin is left quite uncut, except to the extent of a quarter of an inch, where the knife is introduced. The operation is completed in fifteen or twenty seconds ; the pain is very trifling, and only a few drops of blood come away. At other times we see feet twisted inwards or outwards, and the persons walking upon the side of the foot next the ground, the other side being one, two, or more inches above it. These affections generally depend upon contractions of the muscles acting upon the inner or outer side of the foot ; and the tendons of these muscles must be cut through, along with that tendon already spoken of (the *tendo Achillis*), which in these cases also exercises great influence. Contractions often exist in the muscles whose tendons form the hamstrings, and then the patient has a knee projecting several inches before the body. To cure him, he must literally be hamstringed, and a suitable apparatus then employed to straighten the leg. The hands often have their fingers turned into the palms, from burns, &c., and they can only be put to rights by cutting through the tendons, or tendinous bindings at fault, and then stretching out the fingers upon splints, or pieces of pasteboard or wood. Such contractions are common in the elbow and neck ; and the principle of cure in these cases is precisely the same as in the others." Whether or not the divided tendons or muscles be perfectly united by tendinous or muscular fibres, the junction formed is at least so far complete that power of motion is restored to the part operated upon.

"As these deformities are often hereditary, it is really a matter of conscience to get rid of them as fast as possible, inasmuch as no individual, if curable, is justified in running the risk of propagating such to his or her children. It is much to be desired, then, that these affections, at once distressing to their possessors, and an eyesore to the community at large, may be extirpated from amongst us."

OLD BURGHAL REGULATIONS.

THE Maitland Club, an association of gentlemen who print old manuscripts for their own private use, have just completed a second volume of what they call their *Miscellany*, in which, amongst other curious matters, we find certain acts and statutes of the magistrates of Edinburgh, extending from the year 1529 to 1531. These acts throw some light on the age to which they refer.

The town-council seem to have at that time thought themselves not more seriously called upon to interfere for the maintenance of just weights and measures amongst tradesmen, than for the fixing of prices, and the prevention of retailing. They ordain, for instance, "that na brouster na dry tapster tak apone hand to sell ony derrar sill fra Monunday furth at nixt cummys na xvi d. the gallon, and at it be guid and sufficient sill of the price foraid ;" [that is, that no brewer or dry tapster take upon hand to sell any dearer ale, from Monday next forward, than 1s. 4d. per gallon, and that it be good and sufficient ale of the price aforesaid.] The penalty is to be 8s. for the first fault ; for the second, the ale is to be distributed gratis ; to punish the third, the public officers are to bring "thar caldrone or kottellis to the crosse, and ding thame throw with ane puncione, and spane thame fra the operation for aer and day ;" [to bring their caldron or kettles to the cross, and drive a puncheon through them, and debar the proprietor from his trade for a year and a day.]

"Baxtarrie," that is bakers, are, in like manner, ordained to bake their bread of good and sufficient stuff at twopence the eighteen-ounce loaf—the honest bairies never once reflecting, to all appearance, how the baker was to be sure of purchasing his flour at such a rate as to afford the bread at that price. He was to have "hot ane buth" [only one shop] in which to sell his bread ; and no huxter was to retail his bread : all this under pain of banishment from the town. Candlemakers are to sell their candles at sixpence per pound where rag wick was used, and fivepence where the wick was of *hards* or lint. The same penalties which enforce these regulations are imposed upon all who shall melt their tallow "on the fore gait," that is, the front street—in itself a curious trait of our early city customs.

"Stabillaris" are enjoined under severe penalties to have their stables well "furnest with hek and mangear, and with sufficient lokis for the durris, for sure keeping of the horais." Prices are fixed for corn and hay ; and where these articles are bought from them, they are to charge no stable fee. On the other hand, no other class of persons are to sell or "regraist" cats and hay, under severe penalties.

People dealing in poultry and wild fowl are or-

dained to come openly with them to the cross, "and nocht to be halden in covert under clokis or gounis, nor yit in thair houses." They are to hold their market in this open manner during certain hours. Severe penalties are threatened to all who shall buy such articles from strangers to sell again in the town, otherwise than at the market cross. The same strong measures are taken "that na maner of persone, man nor woman, regrait nor by ony fische, to tap nor sell agane to the nyctbouris of the toun," till twelve o'clock noon, or from one till six in the afternoon; "item, that na maner of persone, man nor woman, rogratouris of fische, eggis, butter, cheise, frute, or uther syk stuff, hald ony maner of burdis or cranis to sell sykliske stuff upon the hie gait, nor under stais, bot in thair awin house, under pane of baningis of the toun;" [that no manner of persone, men or women, regrettors of fish, eggs, cheese, fruit, or other such stuff, hold any kind of boards or stalls to sell such stuff, upon the High Street, nor under stairs, but in their own houses, under pain of banishment from the town.]

The penalties were not imposed in the spirit of empty menace. Not long after the act respecting stables, we find five women banished all at once, because they had "contempnandlie brokin the said statuta, and coft (bought) corn and attis in greit regrait agane." The pain of banishment is visited upon many others for the like offences. It is to be observed, however, that, in some instances, the defaulters are in a short time allowed to return, on their friends giving surety for their paying obedience to the town's statutes in future. Thus "Gilbert Skeillie" gives surety for his wife, that she would never again buy hay or oats to sell again; whereupon "the said Gilbertis wyf was relaxit agane to the freedom of the toun as sche was befor [as she was of before] or [ere] scho was banist the samyn."

There is reason to conclude that the motive of all these proceedings was a good though mistaken one. There are various statutes respecting hucksters, or retailers, showing that the profit made by these parties on their goods was regarded as an oppression of the lieges; an idea which is still found to exist amongst the working classes in some of our manufacturing districts, but which, we need scarcely say, is totally unsound. In the statutes under notice, every means are taken to compel those who raise country produce to appear in the market and sell it themselves, as if it had been possible thus to obtain the articles at the mere cost of production, the worthy provost and bailies not observing that the producer required in that case to be remunerated for the time he spent as a merchant, and that probably a huckster, combining the goods of many producers, could have afforded to sell the articles at a cheaper rate. An amusing example of the anxiety of the magistracy to keep down prices, is given in a statute "anent seruandis," as follows:—"Item, that because thar is na seruand woman, or nurys [nurse], that gettis in ane gude mannish hous throw hir service v or vj merkis, bot scho wyf tak ane hous of hir awin [take a house of her own], and be ane browstar or huckstar, quharthrou the nyctbouris of the toun ar hevelie hurt, and the meit and drink rasit daver throw the bying of the sawyn at the second or thrid hand, that tharfor na seruand woman pas fra hir service and tak ane hous, without scho be mariit or pas to the bordall, except scho haif the licence of the prevest for gud rationabill causis, under the pane of baningis." For a broker or forestaller of wool and hides to be even seen speaking to the persons who brought those articles to market, on a market day, was an offence visited with punishment. The statute on that subject shows in a peculiar manner how strongly, under the impulse of convenience, private parties were inclined to that division of labour which is really most for their advantage, notwithstanding every effort of erroneous legislation to make them take a different course.

Some familiar traits of the time are communicated in these statutes. We find, for instance, David Cristeson banished "because he is ane young stark fallow [a young stout fellow], and beggis, and will nocht wrik for his living." For the same reason, banishment is inflicted on "Richman that singis with the las and beggis." John Anderson, keeper of the tolbooth or jail, obliges himself to keep the statutes of the town in time coming, "under the pane of the daling of ane barell of ale, till gif uthers exemplill till brek the said statuta in tyme coming." Leper folk are forbidden to appear in any market, under pain of being burnt in the cheek and banished the town. The provost and bailies order that Janet Anderson "say na displeour nor injurious language till Thomas Wauchope nor his spouse, nother oppinlie nor priustlie, under the pane of baningis of the toun." Margaret Smith of her own free will comes before the council, and obliges herself, "that fra this tyme furth scho sall nocht use na injurious wordis, blasfame, nor schame, Dene Alexander Creichtane, vicar of Sanct Cuthbertis Kirk, nother in word nor deed, under the payment of x li [ten pounds] til be gevin till Sanct Gollis werk." The council seem to have thought themselves entitled to interfere in every thing. They statute and ordain that no person give any wool to card or spin out of their own houses, except "till honest wedowis or honest fait [disabled] persons houshalders, under the pane of xl s." This would be from an anxiety to benefit the poor, for whom there was then no public provision of any kind.

A striking proof of the frequent acts of violence then taking place in the open streets, is found in a statute, referring to the slaughters and murders committed in "tymes bypast, on account of the officers and neighbours not rising to resist and punish the same; and ordering that "every merchant and craftsman haifand foir buthis [having front shops], that thay haif in thair said buthis ane ax, or two, or thre, as thay have servandis, and to cum incontinent to the provest and ballies redde to fortify and mainteine thar our men and justice." It also appears that the children then exercised their combativeness as actively as their seniors, for we find an act against "Bikkyrringis betwix Barnis," providing that, "forasmekle as thar has bene gret bikkyrringis betwix barnis and followis in tymes past, and diverse tharthrow hurt in perrell of thair lyffes, and, gif sik thingis be usit, thar maun diverse barnis and innocentis be slane and divisions ryse amangis nyctbouris tharthrow, thairfor we charge straitlie and commandis, that na sik bikkyrringis be usit in tymes to cum, certifying that and [if] ony persone be fund bikkyrrand, that thar faderis and masteris sall answer and be accusit for thar deidis, and gif thar be vagabondis, thar to be seurgit and banist the toun." It is but justice to the sixteenth century to state, that these bikkyrringis betwix barnis continued to be frequent upon the streets of Edinburgh down to about the year 1810.

The statutes include a period during which the plague visited Edinburgh, and we are presented with many curious notices of the regulations which were thought necessary to be enforced on such an occasion. In October 1529, the disease is spoken of as raging at St Andrews and other places beyond the Forth. People are therefore forbidden, under great penalties, to approach Edinburgh from those districts, or to receive merchandise from the same quarter. On the 23d of November, learning that the disease had spread in St Andrews mainly from a mistake which prevailed at first, namely, that it was "the hot sickness," the council ordain that all sick persons in Edinburgh keep by themselves, and that notice of them be given to the town officers, under pain of banishment. At the same time, none are allowed to pass to the north of the Forth, without the provost's licence. Sick persons appear to have been obliged by formerly existing statutes to go and take up their quarters on the common muir without the town; for Thomas Merreleys, at his own desire, is allowed to come back from the muir to his house in town, "with his self, wyf, barnis, and guddis, unclengeit," he becoming obliged, upon his life, goods, and heritage, that no infection shall come within his house through the "unclengeing" of his goods. In February 1530, finding that the danger deepens as the spring advances, still stricter statutes are made on all these points. On the 18th, Margaret Cok is condemned by an assize for coming from St Andrews with infected clothes, and sentenced to be burnt in both cheeks and banished. On the 20th, the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith are forbidden to attend the fair at St Monance, a village in Fife, to which it might be supposed that persons with infected goods would be likely to come. The existence of infected persons in the town is first spoken of on the 25th of May, and all the statutes are again renewed; people are also forbidden to buy or sell old clothes; persons keeping swine are commanded to restrain them from appearing on the street; and then follows the most sensible ordinance of all—"Forasmekle as thar is gret fylth within this toun, baith on the hie gait and in clois [both in the High Street and the alleys leading from it], and ale the guttaris of the toun ar full of filth, quharthrou infectionne may spreid and ryse, that tharfor every man and woman diet and mak clene befor ther durris and clois, and clenge away the filth tharfra, under the pane of puningis of thar personis and guds at the prouest will." People having houses to let are at the same time forbidden to let them to vagabonds or trampers. Individuals who have been "in Gladois hous the smyth, or ony other houses that are now suspect of this contagius sickness," are commanded to reveal the circumstance to the town's officers. Servant women who have hitherto been in the habit, while conveying their master's clothes to the water to wash, of taking "this womanis collar and that womanis curche," to wash along with their master's clothes, are forbidden to do so any more, as "it is impossible to keep the toun clene gif sik thingis be usit."

On the same day, a woman who had been in the houses of infected persons, and was now infected herself, without revealing either circumstance, is sentenced to be burnt on the cheek and banished the town for life, and to remain on the muir till she be recovered, under pain of death. On the 4th of June, a woman who had a daughter sick without giving information, is sentenced to the like punishment, "all her barnis" being at the same time adjudged to perpetual banishment. Several cases of the same kind occur throughout June and July; but at length, in August, when probably the danger had become greater, concealment of sick friends is punished with death! An unfortunate tailor, David Duly by name, had a wife sick; he kept her concealed in his house, and even, while she was ill, went to attend mass in St Giles's kirk, thereby "docond at was in him till half infelkkit all the toun." For this he was adjudged to be hanged on a gibbet before his own door. The sen-

tence seems to have immediately been carried into execution, for, in the afternoon of the same day, we find an entry stating that Duly had been hung up, but that the "raip" had broken, and he escaped at the will of God, for which reason, and because "he is ane pure [poor] man with small barnis, and for pete of him," the council banish him instead. A few months afterwards, we find that several women were actually put to death ["drounit in the Quarrell holis at the Grey-frier port"] for concealing their sickness. Throughout August, the business of "clenging," that is, we presume, of completing quarantine, proceeds under the regulation of various statutes. But even after suspected or sick persons had given full satisfaction of their purity from the disease, and had been allowed to come back to their homes with their goods, they were still forbidden to attend mass amongst the other clean people.

Such were a few of the doings and sufferings of our citizens in "the good old times!"

KENNEDY'S NARRATIVE.

THE late campaign of the British army upon the Indus has been attended with the effect, now so common in such cases, of adding one or two entertaining and not uninteresting works to the current literature of the day. The "Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing" was one of the earliest of these productions, and it has lately been followed by a "Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kaubool in 1838-9," by Dr Hartley Kennedy, one of the principal medical officers present on the occasion.* Dr Kennedy's narrative comprises a pretty regular view of the whole movements of the campaign, but, to civilians like us, the sketches of personal adventure embodied in such publications, seem always of greater interest than the semi-official parts of the narrative; and the majority of our readers will probably agree in this preference. In the succeeding notice, therefore, we shall only trace the operations of the army in so far as may be necessary to tack together such interesting extracts as chance to fall under our eye.

In the first place, a word may be premised on the objects of the war. The rich and populous districts on the line of the Indus and its springs, comprising Sind, Kandahar, Herat, Peshawar, and others, had long been tributary provinces of the powerful Afghan kingdom of Kaubool, but had been latterly split into separate and independent principalities. Runjeet Sing, an ally of Britain, had become raja of the Punjab and of Peshawar. Among other changes arising from the disturbed state of the country, Shah-Shooja, legitimate sovereign of Kaubool, and properly also of Sind, had been expelled from his throne by Dost Mohammed, a soldier of fortune, whose brothers had likewise become masters of Kandahar. When the Persians advanced to besiege the Indo-Persian city of Herat in 1837, the British became suspicious of their ulterior designs, and the more so as Dost Mohammed went openly into their interests, and began to menace the native allies of Britain. The result was, that the governor-general found it necessary to suppress the usurper of Kaubool, and, by restoring Shah-Shooja to his throne, to settle the provinces of the Indus on a new, secure, and peaceful footing.

With this object in view, the British forces under Sir John (now Lord) Keane left Bombay in November 1838, and were transported by sea to the mouths of the Indus. Marching onwards, the army sustained considerable hardships from various causes, the cholera appearing in the ranks before Christmas. On the 29th of January, at which time alarms were beginning to be raised regarding the approach of the enemy, the following strange and fatal personal adventure took place. A hunting-forest, called a *shikargah*, in the neighbourhood of the encamped troops, was observed to be in flames, and "many of our officers (says Dr Kennedy) rode out to witness it. Among others, Doctor Hibbert of the 2d or Queen's Royals, and Lieutenants Spark and Nixon of the same regiment, proceeded thither on foot with fowling-pieces and rifles, expecting exercise on the wild animals driven by the fire out of the burning forest. Lieutenant Halkett of the same regiment accompanied them on horseback; and when they plunged into the thickest parts of the wood, and he found it impossible to accompany them, returned to camp, little dreaming of the melancholy fate awaiting them. No servant, and only one dog, was with them; and the poor beast the same evening returned to camp. On their not returning in the evening, some alarm was felt; and as we had supped full of rumours of war for some days before, it was conjectured that they might have been made prisoners by the Beloochies.

On the following morning two parties of cavalry and irregular horse were sent in search of them; and, sad to say, a villager who had been cutting wood in the forest, and probably found it convenient to follow the course of the fire, had discovered and led the way to where their bodies were found, half buried in the smouldering and still hot ashes of the long grass and brushwood by which their clothes had been destroyed. More pitiable objects were never seen than the three bodies as brought into camp: not a vestige of their clothes remained; the extremities were partially consumed; and the blackened skin, and the limbs

* In two volumes. London: R. Bentley.

stiffened into the most frightful distortions, with the features almost entirely defaced, exhibited to their friends the most distressing spectacle that can be imagined.

An inquest was immediately assembled, and a verdict of 'Accidental death' recorded. No sign of sword-cut or gun-shot wound appeared on their bodies; nor could it have been supposed that three energetic young men, well armed, could have met a violent death from the enemy without having given some account of their assailants. The relics of their clothes, such as metal buttons, were found on the spot. The barrels of their guns were a valuable booty when found, and were easily carried off: it was not wonderful that they were not found; but parts of the stocks remained, showing that they had been burnt. The bodies had evidently not been rifled; Dr Hibbert's gold rings were left on his fingers; and all three showed, by the injury received, where their powder-flasks had exploded on their sides; and one of the party being left-handed, the side on which the injury appeared indicated the character of the occurrence which occasioned it. This further proves another most satisfactory circumstance, that their sufferings must have been short; since no three men could possibly have been long surrounded by fire with their senses about them, without ridding themselves of their gunpowder.

A close examination of the spot where the bodies were found, which was not very far from where Lieutenant Halkett had last been seen, seemed to show that they had ascended a tree from which to shoot such animals as might fly from the forest: some sudden change of wind appears to have brought the fire on them. One of them seemed to have dislocated his wrist, and to have broken the bones of his arm, in leaping, no doubt, wildly from the tree: his comrades may have perished through a vain attempt to rescue him. They were buried in one grave.

On the Indus, near Kurachy, the first town taken by the army, our author witnessed a most primitive mode of fishing for an oily fish called the *pulla*. "At these places we first saw the pulla fishery on the Indus; a piscatory pursuit which more nearly reduces the human form divine into an aquatic beast of prey than Isaac Walton, or any disciple of the 'gentle craft,' could have contemplated by the silver Thames. A large, light, and thin earthen vessel of the strong and unequalled pottery of the Indus' clay, and thoroughly baked, forms the fisherman's float: it is fully four feet in diameter, and about thirty inches high; of a very flattened form, and exceedingly buoyant. On this the fisherman balances himself on his stomach: covering the short neck and small aperture at top, and launching himself forth on the current, paddles with his legs behind to steer his course, drifting with the stream, and holding his pouch-net open to receive the prey, which, when caught, he deposits in his reservoir, the vessel he floats on."

The army reached Kandahar, without encountering any other enemy than bands of flying plunderers, who were so dexterous as to steal camels, as well as baggage, almost from under the noses of the owners. The usurping chiefs of Kandahar had fled, and here Shah-Shooja was formally nominated to the sovereignty of the Afghan or *Douane* empire. Resuming the march towards Kaubool on the 30th of June, the army again began to suffer, not from regular enemies but roving robbers. Many murders were committed on stragglers. For example, two officers chancing to see two natives "standing knee-deep in water, in a somewhat unusual manner, approached them to satisfy their curiosity: their movement not suiting the parties alluded to, they fled precipitately; and, on their moving, the body of one of our followers, whom they had murdered, and on which they were standing to keep it out of sight until the gentlemen should have passed, rose to the surface, and was rolled over by the stream. The murderers, I believe, escaped." In the beginning of July, the army arrived before Ghizni, a strong fortress held by the troops of Dost Mohammed, and which was taken on the 22d of July, by blowing up the gate and sealing the place. Dr Kennedy mentions some curious wounds and escapes which took place in the contest. "Captain Raiff of the Queen's Royals, when wounded in the hand, was cut down, and felled to the ground by a sabre-blow, which happily inflicted only a moderate cut, being parried by the steel plate of his grenadier wing on his right shoulder; when down, another blow, which must otherwise have proved mortal, was fended off by the metal lid of his drinking horn slung to his side. Lieutenant Simmonds, Adjutant of the Queen's Royals, afterwards again severely wounded at Khe-laut, owed his life to his having one of his official memorandum-books and his silk handkerchief in his cap: a heavy ball, apparently from a jingal, severely wounded him in the head, notwithstanding the protection of the book, and, passing downwards, was again parried by the plate of his shoulder-strap."

Dost Mohammed, alarmed by the capture of Ghizni, fled from Kaubool, and the British entered that city without opposition. Kaubool is a place of considerable extent, and remarkable for the beauty of its vineyards and fruit-gardens. The people, like half the natives of India, thrive unremittently. Our author describes the quartermaster-general of the forces as having one morning appeared before his military companions in a most ludicrous garb. He wore a red nightcap, and had a cloak wrapped about

him, which was all too short to conceal the owner's entire want, at the moment, of any other vestment whatever. The truth was, having ridden before the army to fix on a spot for the camp, he had gone to sleep for the night in his little tent, and had been robbed before morning of every stitch of clothes but those on his recumbent person—the cap, namely, and cloak. "Let the reader imagine one of the best-looking and best-dressed staff officers of the army," appearing before his comrades, when the troops came up, in such a plight! At Kaubool, Shah-Shooja was in reality made a king, and, by British influence, presented with a capital and a people. The war was now ended. Dost Mohammed's flight left the seat of authority vacant, and it was only afterwards necessary to send detachments to reduce Khe-laut and a few fortresses yet occupied by enemies. The 26th of September 1839, saw the army begin its march homewards, with the satisfaction of having fully accomplished the objects in view.

We shall close our notice with an isolated anecdote or two. In coming down the Indus in Sind boats, our author and his friends were almost devoured by rats. "When we compared notes in the morning, after our night's adventure, it was evident that Scott had been most familiarised in rat experience: 'I did not care,' said he, 'at their scampering in couples over my bed, and coming down villain upon me from the ceiling; but when one hungry bumpin clapped his cold paws upon my cheek, and sniffed about with his cold nose over my eyes and up my nostrils, I could stand it no longer!' I certainly should have jumped about vehemently had I been pawed and nosed after the same fashion; but let Colonel Scott's experience warn all future voyagers on the Indus to embark with a cat in their company." The following anecdote shows much penetration on the part of the officer concerned:—"Sir David Ochterlony was once able to make a most advantageous move on the Nepaul frontier by attending to a native tradition, that, some fifty years before, an elephant had been sent from some rajah of the low country to some rajah of the Nepaul hills. The legend was inquired into, and found to be true; the road the elephant had travelled was sought for, traced; and a British column, following the route thus discovered, not by accident, but by judicious and sensible inquiry, was enabled to turn the enemy's position, and penetrate into a district that had been considered inaccessible."

In conclusion, we feel called upon to express our regret that Dr Kennedy should have been led to introduce so many depreciatory remarks regarding the general conduct of the campaign. His position, surely, did not render such observations imperative, yet they are frequent, and greatly mar the otherwise agreeable tone of his book.

A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRALIA.

The South Australian Record gives the following description of a whale-chase, from the journal of a gentleman just returned from South Australia. The characters are Fell and Frank, two whalers at Encounter Bay; Solomon Sanguine (fictitious name), the guest of Fell and Frank, and, though a novice, a devoted sportsman; and Bob and Dick, two natives.

"In the midst of breakfast Bob entered, bawling out, 'There she clouts (spouts)! there she clouts!' Fell started up, and told his guest that it was a whale, and that he would now have an opportunity of gratifying his longing desire. The boat was instantly manned, and Mr Sanguine, by Fell's instructions, took the midship oar, one of the men being left out, as such boats are only fitted to contain the crew and no more. The whale was close in-shore, and a few strokes brought them alongside. Mr Sanguine laid out lustily at his oar, and was excited to the highest pitch, but ever and anon kept peeping over his shoulder for a sight of the object of pursuit, whose spoutings he could only hear. 'Come, come, Mr Sanguine,' says Fell, 'a good whaler minds only his oar, trusting to the headman for the rest; but never mind. Stand up, Frank!' Frank was instantly on his feet, and the whale rose under the bows of the boat. 'Give it her, my lad,' says Fell; and in a moment the iron was buried in her side. 'Peak your oar, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell. Although the former did not understand the phrase, yet he was sharp enough to do as the rest did, and that correctly. The line was by this time flying out, and the fish sounding; in a trice she commenced running, and a turn being taken with the line round the lugger-head, the boat was soon skimming the water with great velocity. Solomon, rubbing his hands, hitching his shoulders, and seeming ready to jump overboard, in the height of ecstasy, exclaimed, 'This is glorious! Talk of the Manchester and Birmingham railways! they are nothing.' But here his speech was interrupted, and his frenzy cooled, when he cast his eyes at each side of the boat, and observed the water rising high above the gunnels. It may be necessary here to state, that it is only the rapidity of the motion that prevents the water from rushing in and filling the boat on these occasions. Solomon had no time to philosophise; but seeing the water several inches above the gunnel of the boat, he did not know how soon it might be so many feet; so he inhaled a prodigious quantity of air, and invoked the whole host of Neptune to aid him in his journey to the shore, as he was to great hand at swimming. His fears were, for the present, groundless; the whale began to rise, and his attention was now engaged by the rowers hauling in the line, with their faces turned inwards. Solomon did as he saw the rest doing, and his gigantic strength was perceptible enough on the boat, for, by the time that the whale reached the surface, the bowman had hold of the harpoon shaft. The headman, Fell, from his proximity, was

enabled to have 'a set on' the fish with the lance, which had such an effect, that it sickened and sounded, so that they were obliged to slack line again.

The calf which belonged to this female, in the hurry and fright having lost its mother, mistook the boat for her, as often happens, and coming alongside rubbed the boat with its noddle, and endeavoured to clasp it with its fins, to the great detriment of the boat's equilibrium. Solomon, not much liking this visitor, called out to Fell, 'The little creature is more plague than its mother; for any sake give it a poke and send it adrift, or it will turn us topsy-turvy.' Fell only laughed; but, to ease him of his terrors, struck it gently on the head, and down it went. The respite was but short, for the mother, which rose head first, close alongside the boat, almost touched Solomon, who viewed it with a mixture of astonishment and awe, as, like a huge black rock, covered with barnacles, it emerged from the deep. His taste for the marvellous was further gratified by observing her carrying her sick cub on her fin. His feelings were fast rising to a climax, when the whale spouted blood to a terrific height, the gurgling sound of which drew Solomon's attention that way; but he only turned his head in time to discern the falling column, which descended with great violence on his unfortunate pate, half choking him and half filling the boat. 'Sampson slaying the Philistines, or Whitechapel on a Friday, is more shakings to this!' shouted Mr Sanguine. But, alas! his troubles were only beginning; for the irritated creature passing under the boat, with one blow of its enormous tail sent the boat into the air, and the crew into the water. For a moment every one was immersed; but when Fell rose to the surface, he beheld Solomon, who had alighted on the whale's back, lying at full length there, puffing, striking out, and struggling, with all the appearance of a drowning man contending strongly for life. 'Keep up a good heart, my boy,' cried Fell, to whom such scenes were every-day work; 'and make for the bottom of the boat!' Solomon, who, from the first, seemed recalled to a state of consciousness by Fell's friendly voice, looked wildly round, and replied, 'That's all very good, but a swimmer of my capabilities had better remain where he is.' Fell, pushing a pair of oars before him, towards Solomon, answered, 'Yes, yes; but your foundation is about as unstable as the house that was built on sand.' 'By Jupiter, that's true,' said Solomon, 'so here's for it; and casting himself from the whale, with one or two ungainly strokes seized the blade of an oar, and was thus towed to the boat, on the keel of which he mounted, and shook his fiery locks much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog. His first inquiry was if they were all safe; and being answered in the affirmative, asked for a quid of tobacco, as he observed all his companions busy chewing, and which he considered must be necessary under such circumstances.

A relief boat, manned with black fellows (Bob Headman and Dick Steersman), came up, and Fell and his crew jumping into it, left the black fellows, who were only in their element, to right the boat, while they followed after the whale, which had gone but a short distance, and having picked up the line, soon terminated his existence. Solomon, in the height of his excitement, strongly besought Fell to kill the calf also, as he considered that it had been the cause of all their troubles. But on Fell saying that nature's law hardly allowed us wantonly to destroy that which was of no utility to us, and might hereafter be of great benefit, he at once coincided with him, and asked how he behaved under the trying circumstances. Fell briefly replied, 'Like a man,' which seemed to soothe the last billow of his wrath.

The whale was towed home, and the newly-elected member ceased not for a moment on the way to expatiate with rapturous enthusiasm on the splendid sport of the day, at the same time venting his spleen on the paper-eaters at home, and picturing the benefit they had that day conferred on mankind, as well as holding forth learnedly on the happy prospects that this new world presented to generations yet unborn. Let them clear the surface of the earth of game, still the deep would annually yield its myriads of whales to gratify the hunting propensity of man, and supply him with many of the requisites of life.

The boats were hauled up, and the different members proceeded to their respective huts. Fell was detained on the way, but Frank and Solomon found a blazing fire awaiting them—no trifling comfort under present circumstances. They were horrid-looking creatures, particularly the latter, from the quantity of blood clotting all over them. Mr Sanguine was, however, quite unconscious of his odd plight, and was with difficulty prevailed on to strip, scrub, and put on dry clothing. It was dark when Fell entered; the dinner was just set, and Mr Sanguine was looking himself round, and extolling his whaler's dress to the skies. 'How easy it sits, how comfortable it feels, how handsome it looks,' said he; 'and all for the price of a pair of fancy slippers. What silly folks are they in England, and the higher in life the more foolish; as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer—as helpless as calves, ay, ten times more so than whalers'—but here he was interrupted by Fell, who was standing beside him, highly delighted at the happiness of his guest, as well as amused at his ideas of utility and contempt of foppery. 'Yes, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell, 'how often do we see the whale's calf, newly ushered into the world, show considerable instinct at self-preservation. You saw one to-day sink beyond the reach of our stroke to avoid harm; how often do we see them cling to their mothers' paps, or take shelter under her fins, as she bounds with them through the deep, flying from her foe. Nor does the mother ever forsake them. This day, Mr Sanguine, while you triumphantly rode on the whale's back, you owed your life to the mother's mistake—she thought you were her calf. It is, indeed, nothing uncommon for a whale to remain on the spot, and be lanced to death, afraid of moving her tail, with which at one stroke she could scatter her enemies, lest she should injure her young, preferring present death to flying for her life and mourning her lost offspring.' Mr Sanguine here interrupted Fell by observing, that 'It is very fortunate, in-

deed, that they take care of their young for the sake of preserving the breed." Fell resumed: "How many mothers do we see of the human species, who, in point of natural affection, would bear but a miserable comparison with the whale! How many mothers are there in the polite circles who bring forth and send their children abroad to be watched by the alien and the stranger, regretting only the pains they endure, the time they are shut out of society, the inroads made on their beauty, and only looking anxiously forward to the moment when they will again be able to rush into new scenes of dissipation; but the whale's greatest delight appears to be in nourishing its young, and shielding it from danger, until her tender trust is able to shift for itself, oftentimes eighteen months and upwards."

By this time they were unconsciously seated round the dinner-table; the cook had shown great justice to the dishes—the flavour of the soup, made of the kangaroo's tail, was beyond anything that Solomon had before tasted. The kangaroo steaks were, in his opinion, only surpassed by the fried smell, a part of the whale near the tail which is very delicate eating, to which Mr Sanguine did ample justice, and praised it as much. In the middle of his enjoyment he did not forget to deplore the degeneracy of the age, and their apathy for any great or noble enterprise, and calculated how many families could live comfortably for many days on the delicate parts of the whale they had killed. Afterwards, the tale and song went merrily round, to which Mr Sanguine contributed abundantly, and in the midst of his joy he was heard repeatedly to declare that he never knew what happiness was before."

"MAXIMS, MORALS, AND GOLDEN RULES."

[Selected from a neat little work, bearing the above title, published by J. Madden & Co. London: 1839.]

FORBEAR to sport an opinion on a subject of which you are ignorant, especially in the presence of those to whom it is familiar. If it be not always in your power to speak to the purpose, it is certainly in to hold your tongue; and though thousands have remembered with pain their garrulity, few, as an ancient remarked, have had reason to repent their silence.

The sure way to be deceived is to believe ourselves more cunning than others.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments, when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road, when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed, "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?"

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—LAVATER.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.—COLTON.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.—PUL SYRUS.

I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants as delightfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

He who gives for the sake of thanks, knows not the pleasure of giving.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.—COLTON.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they are warned with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; "Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—ISAAC WALTON.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.—E. W. MONTAGUE.

If you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village; if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a city.—COLTON.

In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration.—COLERIDGE.

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying, through his mouth, all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.—JOHNSON.

If a man had no person whom he loved or esteemed, no person who loved or esteemed him, how wretched must his condition be! Surely a man capable of reflection would choose to pass out of existence rather than to live in such a state.—BENTHAM'S ESSAYS.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.—COLTON.

A kind refusal is sometimes as gratifying as a bestowal: he who can alleviate the pain of an ungracious act is unpardonable unless he do so.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—BISHOP HALL.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—SWIN.

A great means of happiness is, a constant employment for a desirable end, and a consciousness of advancement towards that end.

He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—BISHOP BURLIN.

Of all sights which can soften and humanise the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.—SOUTHBY.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.—COLTON.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.—MISS TAZJOUR.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—BACON.

We are often infinitely mistaken, and take the falsest measures, when we envy the happiness of rich and great men: we know not the inward canker that eats out all their joy and delight, and makes them really much more miserable than ourselves.—BISHOP HALL.

If 'tis a happiness to be nobly descended, 'tis no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or no.—LA BRUYERE.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—DR JOHNSON.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence: forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—LAVATER.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals: no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—ZIMMERMAN.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know beside.—TILLOTSON.

It is an old saying, that *charity begins at home*; but this is no reason that it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—CUMBERLAND.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.—POPE.

ERROR OF GIVING MEDICINE TO INFANTS.

Many mothers are continually administering medicines of one kind or another, and thereby deranging instead of promoting the healthy operation of the infant system. Instead of looking upon the animal economy as a mechanism constituted to work well under certain conditions, and having, in virtue of that constitution, a natural tendency to rectify any temporary aberrations under which it may suffer, provided the requisite conditions of action be fulfilled, they seem to regard it as a machine acting upon no fixed principles, and requiring now and then to be driven by some foreign impulse in the shape of medicine. Under this impression, they are ever on the watch to see what *they can do* to keep it moving; and, altogether distrustful of the sufficiency of the Creator's arrangements, they no sooner observe a symptom than they are ready with a remedy. Such persons never stop to inquire what the *cause* is—whether it has been, or can be, removed—or whether its removal will not of itself be sufficient to restore health. They jump at once to the fact that disease is there, and to a remedy for that fact. If the child is convulsed, they do not inquire whether the convulsions proceed from teething, indigestion, or worms, but forthwith administer a remedy to *check the convulsions*; and very probably the one used is inapplicable to the individual case; and both the disease and the cause being in consequence left in full operation, instead of being removed, the danger is increased.

I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that a child can encounter few greater dangers than that of being subjected to the vigorous discipline of a medicine-giving mother or nurse; and wherever a mother of a family is observed to be ready with the use of calomel, cordials, anodynes, and other active drugs, the chances are that one-half of her children will be found to have passed to another world.

Even when the child is under the care of a professional adviser, it is by no means safe from the risk arising from the exhibition of heterogeneous medicines. Whenever a child is seriously ill, there is not only great anxiety on the part of the mother, but much sympathy on the part of friends and neighbours, every one of whom has her own story of what was done with such another child in the same situation, and the great good obtained from such and such medicines. In vain the mother may urge, that the physician has seen the patient, and already prescribed a different course. Entreaties are poured in with an earnestness proportioned to the danger, just to try the *vaunted remedy without telling the doctor or interrupting the use of his medicines*. Anxious for the

relief of her child, the mother often yields before her better judgment can come into play to prevent her, and in a short time the child perhaps suffers from this abuse of incompatible or dangerous remedies, which aggravate the original disease. Those who are accustomed to reflect before they act, would be amazed if they were to witness the perilous follies sometimes perpetrated in this way, and the perfect self-complacency with which the anticipated results are looked for from the individual doses, no matter how much they may counteract each other.

The system of concealment from the family physician, into which the adoption of "every body's" advice is so apt to lead, is itself an evil of the first magnitude. By inducing him to ascribe effects to wrong causes, it necessarily tends to mislead his judgment, and may thus render him also unwittingly an instrument of mischief. The maternal anxiety which lies at the root of the error is highly natural, and every sensible practitioner will make allowance for its impulses, even where they are ill-directed and annoying to himself. But the fair and proper way for the mother is, not to act upon the suggestions of others without the knowledge of the medical attendant, but to state simply, and in an honest spirit, that certain suggestions have been made, and inquire whether they meet with his approbation or not. If they do, they will then be adapted by him to the necessities and peculiarities of the individual case, and the different parts of the treatment be carried on consistently and safely. If, on the contrary, they do not, the physician will have an opportunity of assigning a reason for his disapproval, and of pointing out the greater fitness of the means already employed; and if the parent shall not be satisfied with this explanation, but still insist on the suggestion being tried, he can then either decline farther responsibility, or take care that the trial be made with as much safety and prospect of advantage as possible.—*Dr Combe on the Management of Infancy.*

RARE DOINGS OF A TAILOR.

The bridge over the Teith at Doune is well worth a passing notice. It is a strong, sturdy erection, though upwards of three hundred years old, and the work of a tailor. In the parapet is the following inscription, still distinctly legible: we shall modernise the spelling. "In God is all my trust, said Spittel. The tenth day of September, in the year of God, 1535 years, founded was this bridge, by Robert Spittel, Tailor to the Most Noble Princess Margaret, Queen to James the Fourth." Mr Spittel was not ashamed of his profession, for, in addition to the designation in the inscription, he has ornamented the parapet with the characteristic emblem of a large pair of scissors! There is a tradition in the district concerning this worthy knight of the *shears*. There was a ford and ferry about half way between the present bridge and Doune Castle, and Spittel had frequently to pass the ford. The fare was a doit, but Spittel had no smaller coin than a bodle (equal to two doits), and having been at former times ill pleased with the inattention of the ferryman, he very coolly took out his shears, clipped the bodle in two, and gave one-half to the ferryman! The careful tailor grew rich and prosperous, and was a public benefactor. He built two other bridges; one at Bannock, and another at Tullicbody; and he founded an hospital in Stirling, from which widows and orphans are still relieved and supported. Queen Margaret's tailor was, therefore, no ordinary man. He placed a motto on his hospital at Stirling, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," and he surmounted it again with a representation of his *shears*—the source of all his liberality. Is Queen Victoria's tailor as proud of his shears, or as well disposed to devise liberal things?—*Inverness Courier.*

CURIOUS CALCULATION.

The following interesting account was taken on the 12th of August, by a gentleman from Yorkshire, at the soap-manufactory of a relative situate in King William Street, London Bridge, of the number of carriages, of various descriptions, which passed from eight in the morning till eight in the evening:—

From 8 o'clock till 9	903	From 3 o'clock till 4	975
9	10 297	4	5 1053
10	11 895	5	6 712
11	12 1015	6	7 771
12	1 984	7	8 894
1	2 806		
2	3 903	Total	11010

This averages 970 an hour, or 15 in every minute; and it is fair to presume that there is no street in the world where so many carriages pass and repass in one day. On the 1st of September last this gentleman engaged several persons, in order to ascertain the number of foot passengers which passed the factory from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, and the result was as follows:—

From 8 o'clock till 9	3600	From 3 o'clock till 4	4480
9	10 4460	4	5 5280
10	11 4380	5	6 4480
11	12 4620	6	7 3945
12	1 3900	7	8 6720
1	2 3840		
2	3 4200	Total	53503

This statement will be found equal in number to 445½ per hour, or 74 in every minute. The number of persons supposed to pass in and with carriages (averaging two to each) amounts to 22,020, which, added to the above, makes a total of 75,505 passengers in 12 hours.—*Sunday Times.*

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